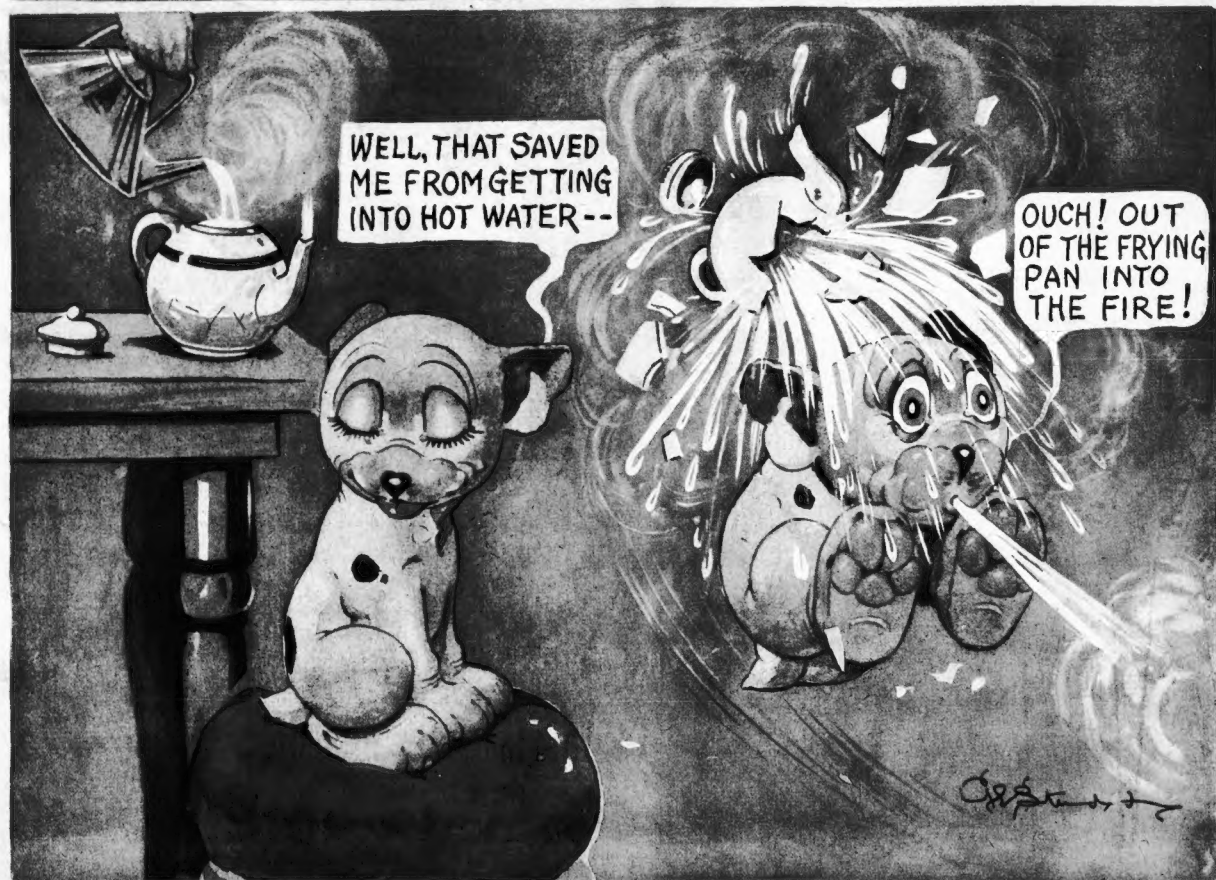

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Sunday, August 7, 1932



"A Dog's Life!" By the Distinguished English Artist, G. E. STUDDY. *New Adventures of the Famous "Bonzo"*

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The Abbey That Six Penniless Monks Rebuilt



Buckfast Abbey, in Devon, England, As It Appears Today After 25 Years of Reconstruction Work by 6 Benedictine Monks. The Work, to Have Been Done in a Single Year Would Have Required 150 Men.

The Walls, as the Photo Shows, Were Reinforced Stone by Stone All the Way to the Roof, on Which These Two Monks Are Seen Working.

Below—Three of the Brothers Caught by the Camera as They Were Hauling Stone to the Roof of the Abbey.



WITHIN the next few weeks a colorful religious procession will move through the quiet lanes of the little town of Buckfast, in Devon. In this pageant will be three cardinals and no less than 14 bishops, come to the hamlet on the banks of the river Dart to reconsecrate an abbey—and to pay tribute to six Benedictine monks who, after a quarter of a century of hard and intelligent labor, have finished rebuilding Buckfast Abbey from the pile of vine-covered ruins it was when they came to the community.

British engineers and architects already have lavished high praise on the brothers who performed a building feat unique in the history of the British Empire and, probably, in the history of the world. Only men inspired by religious fervor, or by some urge as strong, say the engineers, could have done such a job.

When the six monks—two of whom recently left Buckfast to go on with their lives in a monastery—came to the Devon village 25 years ago with the announced intention of rebuilding the old abbey, no one believed that they ever would make much of anything of the heap of weatherbeaten stone.

But, little by little, the monks cleared the ruins down to what was left standing of the thick walls. From early morning until late at night they piled stone in barrows and wheeled the

heavy stuff to a spot near the dilapidated structure. Whether the day was fair or foul they stuck to their job and the time came when they were ready to begin the actual rebuilding.

They built ladders, and crude derricks for hoisting. They mixed mortar and erected staging. Stone by stone, timber by timber, the new abbey began to rise from the ruins of the old. Only men of great patience could have kept at such a job, because the edifice is a big one and months of hard work made little showing.

None of the monks were skilled workmen when they set out on their gigantic task—a contract that would have required 150 men, working with modern equipment, more than a year to complete. One of them studied masonry. Another pored over books on engineering, and another took a correspondence course in electrical engineering, so that he could, when the time came, wire the abbey for up-to-date lights. The other three brothers studied, too, and learned a great deal from their black-robed companions.

During the quarter of a century in

At the Right—Improved Derricks Erected on the Structure Were Used to Hoist Each Barrel-load of Stone to the Top.



which the work of restoring Buckfast Abbey has been going on, a hundred thousand people have visited the site of the undertaking. Many of these visitors have taken an interest in the enterprise and have contributed money

of love, their way of living up to their monastic vows. It is not true to say that the six monks did quite all the work on the restored abbey, although they gave the best years of their lives to the job. They had neither the time nor the skill to do some of the carving that will ornament the interior of the building. That was done by expert woodworkers from London. The high altar, and the 14 other altars in the abbey, are also the work of outside individuals—artists in stone and metal. The stained glass windows which are now being installed in the walls built by the monks, of course, were designed and made by men skilled in that difficult art.

At the reconsecration ceremonies, all of the six monks will be in the procession, chanting the "Te Deum," not with vanity for the spectacular task they've completed, but in devout thanks that they were given the strength to finish the job.

It has been estimated that any engineering concern bidding on the job would not have taken the contract at less than \$600,000, which is many times the cost of the splendid restoration done by half a dozen determined men of God.

Don John Stephan and Brother Ignatius, two of the monks who contributed to this interesting and unusual engineering feat, have shown many visitors to Buckfast about the religious shrine that is soon to be opened. They readily explained how they and their brethren were doing their work, but modestly refused to look upon the work as anything spectacular or romantic. For them the job was a labor

Mussolini's Choice as Italy's First Dancer

BENITO MUSSOLINI, Fascist dictator of Italy, miraculously finds time away from his multiple duties to attend the theatre and the opera. He is, in fact, a frequent visitor to the country's more celebrated opera houses and an excellent critic both of the work of the singers and the ballet dancers.

A few weeks ago he was invited by the directors of the Scala Opera House

in Milan to name the woman who, in his opinion, deserved the title and the distinction of the premier Italian danseuse. Between an important session with his political colleagues and a review of a division of the army, the Dictator conferred this great honor on Signorina Attila Radice, the gracefully poised young artist shown in the photograph at the right.

That Mussolini knows his dancers as well as he knows his political economy and his military tactics is evidenced by the popular approval of his choice. At a special performance on the stage of the Scala, an envoy of the head of the Fascist Government officially informed the prima ballerina of her appointment and the applause continued for a full five minutes. Most of the musical magazines of the country published editorials commending Mussolini for his excellent judgment.

Signorina Radice, who recently celebrated her twenty-sixth birthday, did not need this new distinction to make her famous. At the moment she is looked upon as one of the most graceful

ful and beautiful ballet dancers in the world, and she has danced many command performances before royalty. She developed a natural talent for dancing by long and intelligent study, having made her first public appearance as a dancer at the tender age of six.

All her teachers saw that the child was gifted and that she had a remarkable sense of rhythm matched by a symmetrical and lithe body. By the time she was 10 Attila had mastered all of the simpler ballet movements and some of the more difficult steps. Some days she spent as much as eight hours practicing. Dancing was her life. When she wasn't dancing she was attending the performances of other ballet dancers, watching every twist and turn they made. Before she had reached her twentieth birthday she was a prima ballerina and well on her way to fame.

for materials needed to carry on the work. Several religious organizations have also sent money to the hard-working brothers so that they might realize their



Signorina Attila Radice, Who Has Been Honored with the Title of Italy's Premier Ballerina by Dictator Mussolini. She Began Her Dancing Career Twenty Years Ago.



Hop-raisers of Watlington, Kent, England, Must Use These Tall Stilts for Stringing Poles Preparatory to the Season's Training of Hops, on Which the Countryside Depends for Its Excellent Ale and Beer.

Where Planters Must Wear Stilts to Insure Good Ale

ASTRANGER driving along the roads of Watlington, England, in the Spring of the year might be led to believe that he had come into a village of ten-foot giants, because the workers in the hop fields of that village have to do the day's work on unusually tall stilts. The photograph at the left shows a citizen of Watlington walking through the rows of hop vines on stilts that elevate his head a dozen feet above ground.

Hops, as almost everybody knows, are an important ingredient of beer and ale. And those sands of tons of hops are grown every year to meet the world's steady demand for beer and ale. Watlington and other towns in Kent produce some of the best hops raised anywhere.

The plant really is a vine that would trail over the ground if it were not trained to grow up tall poles and along strings which are stretched between the poles. That's why the planters of the crop have to go about on stilts taller than any worn outside the circus. Every year the workers have to string new lines between the poles and fasten the hop vines to these supporting wires.

Any boy who ever has tried to walk on stilts knows how difficult it is to manage stilts as long as those on the fellow in the picture. One misstep and the wearer would get a nasty fall. Walking on stilts over a solid surface is easy compared to doing the same stunt in soft loam,

and the soil between the rows of poles is exceptionally soft. A worker on these terrific stilts has to pick his artificial feet up very carefully to avoid taking a header and, perhaps, breaking an arm or a leg.

Not everyone who works in the English hop fields has to use stilts. Some of the workers are what might be called "ground men," and most of them have no desire to rise in their profession by learning to stride around on the long sticks of stilts, as they are called.

The stilts, as they are called, are made of two long poles, one for each leg, which are joined at the top by a crossbar. They are made of wood and are painted to look like legs. The worker wears a special shoe that fits over the foot and the ankle, and the crossbar is attached to the shoe. The worker must learn to balance on the stilts, and it takes time and practice to become expert on the ten-foot stilts.

It is a common sight in this section of Kent to see hundreds of men on stilts, some standing in a line, some walking, some standing on a single stilt, and some standing on two stilts. They are all working on the hop fields, and they are all wearing the same kind of shoes.

firmly to his legs. With this type of stilts the arms are free, as they have to be when a man strides through the long rows of tall poles on which the hops are strong, somewhat as pole beans are trained in the gardens of this country. Although England produces more tons of hops than any other country, it has nothing like a "corner" on the market for this important and valuable crop. Germany, famed for centuries for the quantity and quality of its beer and ale, boasts a greater acreage of hops than any other country in the world. One section of Bavaria is a veritable garden of hop vines, through which, in the first warm days of Spring, hundreds of stilted men walk like human giants to straighten the high poles and cross-cries these poles with the wires which will, later in the season, be covered with luscious vines.

It would seem that the workers in the hop fields of England and the Continent ought to be the best stilters in the world, but they are surpassed in skill by the citizens who live on the marshlands of a section of France known as Landes. Even the women and children go about on stilts here because it is almost impossible to get anywhere on foot through the tangle of bushes, grasses and furze that covers this boggy soil. The shepherds of Landes practically live on stilts, sometimes do their hunting on the long sticks, and even the letter-carriers make their rounds on the things.

her temperature rose to 103 she quit her job and went home—to die. She discussed her affairs with a close friend and told this friend that she had not a chance in a thousand to recover. She described her serious condition and explained, without excitement or emotion, that there really was nothing that she could do or that any doctor could do for her.

In the middle of the next forenoon the physician's breathing became very labored and she died almost at the moment she predicted would be her last.

Died at Minute She Predicted

WHEN an illness, which at first seemed a severe cold, befell Dr. Goldy L. Hoffman, Chicago woman physician and a member of the faculty of the University of Illinois, became worse, the woman diagnosed her malady as pneumonia and predicted that she would die several days later, just before noon.

Dr. Hoffman accepted her fate calmly and continued her work at various charity clinics about the city, ministering to others who were sick. When

Saw His Own Funeral and Costs Him 4 Years in Jail

Too Curious M. Durand, of Paris, Hit by the Depression, Gets Insured, Runs Away to Algiers With His Sweetheart, Fools the Doctors Into Thinking Him Dead, Substitutes a Bag of Sand in His Coffin for His Body, Mourns at His Own Grave—But Can't Fool His Wife



The Cross Which Marked the Grave in the Algiers Cemetery Where M. Durand's Body Was Supposed to Be Buried. If Durand Had Moved the Cross to a Really Occupied Grave, As He Had Intended, He Would Certainly Have Gotten the Guillotine for a Murder He Never Committed.

At Left, Clever Mr. Louis Durand, and Jeanne Gauthier, His Sweetheart, Who Collected the Insurance, and Beside Them His Able Counsel, M. Loyet, Who Tried to Free Him on the Plea That a Man Who Could Make All France Laugh, in These Hard Times Oughtn't to Go to Jail, But His Plea Did Not Convince the Judge.



M. Durand Couldn't Resist the Temptation to See Himself Buried, So, Cunningly Disguising Himself, He Appeared in the Cemetery Just as the Coffin Was to Be Lowered—to the Half-Terrified Amusement of His Mourning "Widow" Who, Like Him, Was Quick to See the Morbid Humor in the Situation.

PARIS, July 30. A FRENCH philosopher once remarked that only one thing was absolutely certain in life, and that was that no man would ever live long enough to see his own funeral. But M. Louis Durand, of Paris, did see his own funeral, and as a consequence will spend the next four years in a French jail. His rather attractive sweetheart, who wept beside his grave, will spend two years in another.

If the resourceful M. Durand, who had planned to secure, and did secure, 160,000 francs insurance by the carefully prepared death, had not yielded to curiosity, but had stayed away from the cemetery while he was being buried he probably would still be free.

Even the ingenious defense of his attorney that though his client was guilty, a man who, in these hard times, could make every Frenchman laugh, deserved a medal of honor and not a prison sentence, failed to sway the court.

M. Durand, before the depression began, was a fairly prosperous contractor in Lyons. He had a wife and, as like Frenchmen, a sweetheart also. As long as money was plentiful he had no difficulty maintaining both. But when he lost his money, then he had to choose between them or drop out of sight. After thinking the matter over, he disappeared from the sight of his wife, but not of that of his sweetheart, a Madame Jeanne Gauthier. He took her off to Algiers, in Africa. They settled in a busy little town, Tizi-Ouzou, probably because the extraordinary name appealed to his robust imagination.

What probably influenced the selection of the place was much as anything else was the improbability of running across anyone who had known him in France. At any rate, he settled down in Tizi-Ouzou, boldly using his own name and introducing Mme. Gauthier as Mme. Durand. Then he ran up to Algiers and had his life insured for 160,000 francs in her name. This was the second step in his ingenious plan to overcome the depression, the pilgrimage to Algeria having been the first. He went back to the streets, they patiently waited for the favorable moment for the third step.

He and his sweetheart were a convivial, companionable couple and they soon had a little circle of friends around them. The sweetheart's social position was soon so well established that she felt secure in introducing a new fashion. She imported a number of brilliant pajamas from Paris and wore them about the streets. They looked so much like the baggy trousers of the Arab women that the natives paid no attention to them, but because instead of making of her as Mme. Durand, it earned her the name of "Mme. Pajama," and, as she was usually referred to in this way, the chances of someone who knew the Durands by name, although not by sight, having their curiosity aroused was minimized.

In the meantime the real Mme. Durand, in Lyons, was looking for her missing husband. The reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had deserted her. Her patience exhausted, she sued for divorce and alimony. M. Durand seems to have known of these proceedings, although just how is not clear. However, the day that the real wife was given her divorce and her alimony M. Durand began the comedy which was to bring him in the 160,000 francs insurance.

The sun shines all the time in Tizi-Ouzou, and if one doesn't take precautions sunstroke is inevitable. Durand had studied a few cases, carefully noting the symptoms. He found that an overdose of quinine would bring on a violent fever and simulate many of the austere symptoms.

So, beginning early on the afternoon of June 27th, M. Durand began to dose himself with quinine. By evening he had developed a fever which he had difficulty in keeping under control. Now it happened that there were only two doctors in Tizi-Ouzou, and they are brothers and colleagues. Jeanne Gauthier, alias Durand, redoubled her eyes and ran in her pajamas to fetch one of the doctors. The doctor took M. Durand's temperature, listened to his simulated ravings, asked a few questions and diagnosed the case as sunstroke.

"Tell me the truth, doctor," wept Jeanne. "Will he recover?"

"Be brave, my little one," said the doctor, "taking her red face so readily and completely. Now only remained to die, and he officially buried—and collect the insurance."

Obviously, M. Durand was not really dead, but he was buried, because then the insurance would be no good. And equally obviously, there were many possibilities of slipping up on the clever plan he had made out without any further examination of the "corpses." After this marvellous "lucky break" the sobbing Jeanne returned to the hotel.

Now remained nothing but the burial. In the meantime, Durand, lying upon the bed, had been much interested and



Opening the Coffin in the Durand Grave and Discovering the Set of Overalls Stuffed With Sand Which M. Durand and His Sweetheart Had Substituted for Himself.

took permanganate of potash and painted with it his face, neck, hands and forearms. In the dim light from the shuttered windows this gave him a corpse-like, greenish pallor. He stretched himself upon the bed and assumed the rigidity of the dead.

Jeanne took a look at him, approved the imitation and then, waiting, descended upon the hotel proprietor with the news of her bereavement. From there she went to the doctor and, weeping, gave him the same news. The doctor who had examined Durand was not, but his brother was, and knowing that his colleague had expected the death of the patient, he was not surprised. He seems to have been so little surprised that a death certificate was made out without any further examination of the "corpses." After this marvellous "lucky break" the sobbing Jeanne returned to the hotel.

Now remained nothing but the burial. In the meantime, Durand, lying upon the bed, had been much interested and



The Former Mme. Durand, the Real Widow, Whom Her Husband Couldn't Fool Into Thinking He Was Dead, Even Though He Had Disappeared.

amused by the comments of those who peeped in to look at him. It is not often that a man can enjoy the experience of hearing himself discussed after death. As a true artist, Durand was much affected. In his later confession he said:

"I lay there alone in the room. I began to feel sad and strange, as though I really were dead. The neighbors poked their heads through the door and some of them tipped to my deathlike than before."

When Jeanne returned, their neighbors came in to offer condolences and Durand felt even more sorry for himself, but "Jeanne wept so bitterly that I felt as sorry for her as though I were dead, and somehow that seemed to make me feel better."

Algeria is hot and so the dead do not remain above ground very long. So the undertaker came with the coffin and set it in the darkened room.

He walked over to the bed with his assistants to lift the body and place it in the coffin, but Jeanne stopped him. She explained that she and her husband belonged to a peculiar East Indian re-

ligion which allowed only the nearest relative of the dead to place the body in the coffin with sacred objects and seal the lid without anyone else being present.

This sounded entirely reasonable to the simple-minded undertaker, and he and his assistants withdrew to allow her to carry on alone the last mournful rites.

As soon as they were out of the room Jeanne locked the door and M. Durand jumped out of bed. There was necessity for quick work, so they hurriedly tied up the legs and arms of the overalls, emptied the sand into it like a bag, tied up the neck and thrust a pair of old shoes on the end of the legs, slipped the "body" into the coffin and hurriedly man-

aged the fast the lid. M. Durand retired to another room, the undertaker and his men lifted the coffin, carried it out to the hearse and waited while Jeanne put on her widow's weeds and came weeping down to join the cortege.

It was here that M. Durand's curiosity betrayed him. He had enjoyed lying dead and hearing what people had to say about him. He wanted to hear what they would say at the grave. Besides, he had a morbid desire to follow up his body to the end. What was the use of putting on a show like this if you could not watch the final curtain?

So he hastily equipped himself with a false beard, moustache and wig that he had bought in Algiers for this very occasion, drew on a new suit of clothes and quickly made his way out of the rear door.

When the hearse started off with perhaps half a dozen carriages of mourners behind, M. Durand was taking a short cut to the cemetery. Soon he saw the coffin being carried in, the sorrowful figure of Jeanne following and, behind her, a little procession of neighbors. As they clustered around the grave, M. Durand edged forward cautiously, no one paying any attention to him. And as the coffin was lowered, he stood on the very brink of the grave watching with fascinated interest. He looked up once and caught

the eyes of his "widow" upon him, half terrified and half amused.

He waited until the sand began to swirl down upon the coffin and covering. Quietly he made his way back to France. Jeanne, stopping only long enough to collect the 160,000 francs insurance, followed him to the cemetery. At about the time they were buying a fine little farm in France with a country house in a romantic situation, a motor car, cows, chickens and a vegetable garden, the real Mme. Durand received from Algiers what was apparently an official notice certifying that her husband had died in Tizi-Ouzou. Mrs. Durand felt very good about this. For one reason, it meant no alimony.

Mme. Durand, knowing her husband, began to feel suspicious. It was such a curiously opportune time for him to die; that is, opportune for him. She remembered that a friend had been planning to visit Algeria. She asked him if he would investigate. The friend investigated, found the record of the death, looked upon the cross that had been erected over the grave, and, sure enough, it read "Louis Durand." He also found out about the bogus Mrs. Durand and the insurance. But he found out something still more significant. M. Durand's presence at the grave had not gone quite unnoticed as he had thought. Nor was his disguise quite so good as he believed. There had been a number of curious glances cast at him, but it was not until several days later that the neighbors began to compare notes. Of course it was incredible that the stranger at the grave had been M. Durand, who was in the coffin, as they thought. Yet he certainly resembled him most strongly—and why had the "widow" and he exchanged glances, for even that had been noticed.

When Mme. Durand heard all this her suspicions were more than doubled. "He might be able to fool all those people, including the doctors," she said.

She informed the police and they found M. Durand on his farm with Jeanne. Seeing that the game was thoroughly up, he confessed the deception. The police did not believe the bag of sand story. They thought it more likely that M. Durand had killed somebody and used that corpse for his own. They took M. Durand back to Algeria and made him stand beside the coffin while the undertaker buried it. There were the overalls and nothing else.

M. Durand, he said, contemplated moving the cross to another grave occupied by a bona fide dead man. He was glad, indeed, that he had not done this because if the police had found the cross above such a grave, no explanations by the prisoner could have saved him from the guillotine.

Despite the elaborate plan, M. Loyet, Durand's attorney, that he was a benefactor of the French through causing them to laugh, he was sentenced to two years.

Mrs. Starrett Explains Why the Love Letters Hubby Found Didn't Mean a Thing

IN HUNDREDS of separation and divorce suits love letters written by a third person to one of the principals has moved Judge and jury to regard the recipient of such sweet missives as the offending party. More often than not the introduction of such notes as evidence wins the case for the attorney who is fortunate enough to get his hands on black-and-white proof of sweet dalliance, if not downright unfaithfulness.

The attorney for Raymond E. Starrett, of Denver, Colorado, recently went into the District Court of that city armed with love letters which a married man had written Mrs. Starrett. There was not the slightest doubt in his astute legal mind that, when he had read the contents of these highly personal letters into the records as exhibits A, B and C, the judge

would suggest to the jury that Mrs. Starrett did not deserve a divorce and that her husband did, and that the jury would find it easy to take this suggestion.

But to the surprise and chagrin of the confident lawyer, Mrs. Hazel Starrett took the reading of the letters with complete composure, explained them away with one of the strangest stories ever told in the Denver chamber of justice—and convinced the jury that the endearing contents of the letters really didn't mean a thing. Mr. Starrett did not get his divorce. Mrs. Starrett—in spite of seemingly plain proof that she was more than ordinarily friendly with a married man—did get a divorce, and her husband was sent from the courtroom to join the unhappy army of ex-husbands whose homes were broken up because they failed to provide.

It was apparent from the beginning of the case that Mr. Starrett's counsel had an ace in the hole, so to speak, for he sat calmly while Mrs. Starrett's lawyer built up a convincing story of domestic difficulty. The husband, it seems, was cruel at times. As a provider he was a failure, so much of a failure that his wife was forced to find a job and provide for herself.

When Mrs. Starrett's attorney arraigned his pretty blonde client for cross examination, the husband's representative before the bar of justice approached the task of questioning the woman with an air of one who had something interesting up his sleeve.

His first question provided a clue to his sensational method of attack. "You masqueraded as Miss Hazel Starrett, did you not?" he demanded of the witness.

"I most certainly did," replied Mrs. Starrett, with a defiant toss of her head. "When I decided that I would have to go to work if I wanted to eat regularly I represented myself as a single woman because I felt it would be hard for a married woman to get a position in these times."

The lawyer's keen eye sensed that this seemed a logical explanation to the jury, but he lost none of his assurance. He dug into his brief case and brought out a small packet of papers. He handed one of the papers to the witness.

"Would you be good enough to look at this and tell me if it is a letter you received," he said, in his best legal manner. Mrs. Starrett glanced at the bit of paper and said that it was, indeed, a letter and that she had received it.

The lawyer produced two more letters, addressed to Miss Hazel Starrett, and



Mrs. Hazel Starrett, Whose Old Story of How She Had Come to Receive Love Letters Convinced a Jury That Her Husband Had no Grounds for Demanding a Divorce.

they were duly entered as exhibits. A dramatic hush filled the courtroom as the lawyer asked permission to read the exhibits. He seemed surprised and a little mystified when Mrs. Starrett's counsel did not jump to his feet to shout, "I object."

"Dear Sweetheart," he began, "Just

a line to let you know that I am still alive and haven't forgotten you. Honey, I have had a wonderful time and have been so busy this is the first chance I have had to write. Honey, this sure is a wonderful place to live if you have any money but I wish I was back in Denver with my baby, or you were out here with me..."

The lawyer's voice droned on and finished with a dramatic, "With all my love and kisses—Jack."

He picked up another letter which opened with a "dear sweetheart" and contained such tender sentiments as "dear, I think a lot of you every day," "Wish I was with you, honey, you don't know how hard it is for me to stay here as I think of you there, all the time working so hard." This letter came to a close with "with all my love and kisses to my little pal—Jack."

The contents of a third letter seemed to give Mr. Starrett's lawyer even more satisfaction to read for the ears of the judge, the jury and the assembled audience. It opened with the usual "dear sweetheart" and got better as it went along. "How is my baby tonight?" it inquired and hoped that "Miss Starrett" was as lonesome for "Jack" as he was for her. He missed her more every day, and in every way.

Slowly, and with extreme emphasis, the lawyer read: "Honey, you know you almost got me drowned yesterday. As soon as I got your letter I went down to the beach swimming, to get all those kisses that I thought were coming in on the waves and I never got a darned one. I drank so much salt water I nearly died."

Mrs. Starrett's counsel, fidgeted and squirmed, but the woman smiled knowingly. Under the story questioning of her husband's attorney she frankly admitted that "Jack" was a Mr. Wells, a husband and a father, who had moved from Denver to California. But she explained that the letters were all jokes and that they didn't mean a thing.

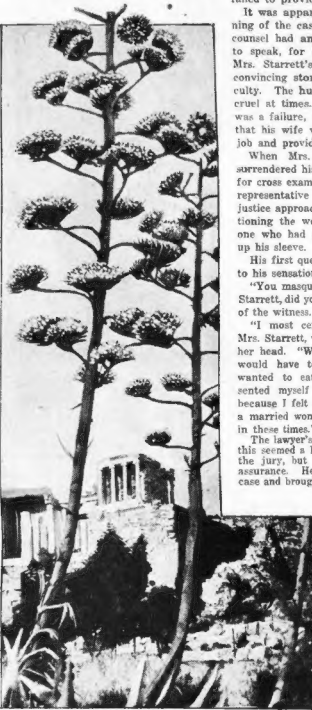
Without halting an eyelash, Mrs. Starrett told of her friendship for Mrs. Wells, who had gone to California before her husband and of her purely platonic kindness in going to dances and shows with Jack merely to keep him happy while he was separated from his family.

"When Mr. Wells left for California," said Mrs. Starrett, "I told him—in a joking way—to write me a

love letter. I never had received a love letter and I thought it would be pleasant to get one—even though it didn't mean anything. Mr. Wells said 'O. K. I will.' I have a friend by whom I can prove that these are the very words he said to me."

Of course, Mr. Starrett's lawyer did not expect the jury to swallow such a story which, on the face of it, seemed so incredible. But the jury, impressed by the straightforward manner in which the working wife explained away those passionate notes, took her at her word. They refused to give her husband a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and granted her a divorce on the grounds of non-support.

Asked if she got a thrill from the love letters, Mrs. Starrett replied, "Well, I did and I didn't."



The So-Called "Tree of Destiny," Which Stands in the Shadow of Greece's Acropolis, and Which Blooms and "Bleeds" and Then Withers and Dies.

A Tree That "Bleeds" To Death

AT the base of the Acropolis there grows a curious bit of vegetation called the "Tree of Destiny." Every year, usually in early June, the trunk of the tree, apparently killed by the winter winds, sends up shoots which grow with surprising rapidity and reach a height of from 15 to 18 feet. Here and there on these fast-growing shoots, short branches are thrust out and on the ends of these branches "hands" of sponge-like growth appear. These are the blossoms and they are blood-red in color.

Little rain and practically no dew falls in that part of Greece where the curious tree grows and it is supposed that the thing manages to live by drawing nourishment from little clouds of plants which spring up about it base.

Anyway, the "Tree of Destiny" assumes to find moisture somewhere and this brings in the form of red liquid from the sponge blossoms. This liquid is about the same and the consistency of blood and it might well be, for as the juice falls to the ground the tree gradually bleeds to death.

When the last of the blossoms has lost all its blood, the tree appears to give up the ghost and die. The long shoots that shone so gloriously for a few weeks become hollow stalks and they rattle like bones in the wind until the storm of winter breaks them off.

Some of the natives call the tree the "Temple Light of the Acro-

polis" because of its striking similarity to a huge candelabra. In the bright sunlight the brilliant red blossoms look like points of flame. The plant which, apparently, contributes to the life of the strange tree and always grows about the base of its trunk, is much like the familiar American cactus. Scientists believe that most of the moisture which drips from the blossoms of the tree is drawn from the soil and the air by these spike-leaved plants.



Sponge-Like Blossom of the "Tree of Destiny," Which Comes Forth Blood Red in June.

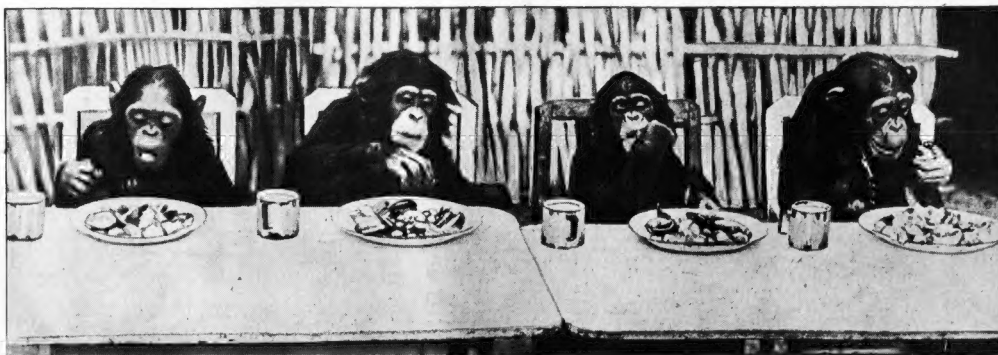
Fingers Before Forks

THE truth of the old saying that fingers were invented before forks is demonstrated every day in the well-populated monkey house of the London zoo. The picture below shows four of the newest inmates of the establishment having a sort of afternoon tea with not one eating implement to mar their primitive enjoyment of the occasion.

The diners are baby chimpanzees.

Two of them are "girls" and their names are Ivy and Fifi. The other two are "boys," known to their keepers as Jack and Peter. This quartet, in the short time that its members have been residents of the zoo, has attracted thousands of visitors to the place.

When the picture below was taken the "chimps" were being groomed for a stunt to amuse a holiday crowd of spectators.



Babies of the Chimpanzee Family at the London Zoo, Feasting at a Party Given for Them Recently by the Attendants Who Have Trained Them to Take Their Meals at the Table.

Actress Runs Pony Farm

WHEN Miss Georgia Graves isn't busy exhibiting her talent and her charms on the Parisian stage, she usually can be found working about her pony farm in Livry, which is only a few miles away from the French capital.

Georgia, in the opinion of the theatre-goers and the critics, is a good actress—good enough to be the partner of the celebrated Mistinguette and it is hard for them to imagine her

playing the role of farmer. But the stage star has a very logical explanation for her hobby.

"It is wise," she philosophizes, "for everybody to have some avocation in which he can relax from his business or professional work. I love the country and I am fond of animals—especially ponies—and the time I spend on my farm actually rests me for my work behind the footlights."

"Then, too, every one who isn't independently wealthy wants to make money, and I get much more than fun out of my ponies. The market for Shetland ponies is even more active than it was several years ago and there is money to be made in breeding and raising them. To tell the truth, I am combining business and pleasure on my little place near Paris."

People who have visited the Graves farm say that it is a well managed establishment and that the animals reared there are about the finest specimens of their species to be found on the European continent. The owner insists that she takes her farming as seriously as her acting and that, for all the fun she gets out of the place, it must be at least self-supporting, or she will find other ways of keeping mentally and physically in trim for her theatrical career.



Partner of the Famous Mistinguette, of Paris, Who Raises Her Own Shetland Ponies at Livry, Holding One of Her Baby Pets.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" Usually Full of Germs

**"The Old Swimmin' Hole" Also a Source of Typhoid,
"Pies That Mother Used to Make"
Sometimes Spread Disease, the
"Barefoot Boy" Picked Up Infections
—Science Tells Sentimentalists Who
Long for These Lost Joys of Childhood**



The "Barefoot Boy" of Whittier's Well-Known Verses, Who Suffered Many Infections Because of His Lack of Shoes.

"The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket
That hung in the well."

ALMOST a hundred years ago the early American poet, Samuel Woodworth, wrote those lines. Modern science substitutes for the second line: "The disease-spreading bucket," and for the third line: "The germ-covered bucket."

The poet Whittier sang of the "barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," and another poet, James Whitcomb Riley, voiced the charms of the "old swimmin' hole." And there are millions of men at office desks and behind bank counters or directors' tables all over America who still long for the "pies that mother used to make," and who have happy memories of the bucket, the swimming hole and the barefoot days of Summer. But science says that it would be mighty different if they had to live that way now. The old oaken bucket was about as full of germs as it was of water; the swimming hole spread many diseases; the bare foot picked up more, and the rolling pin collected germs and spread them through the pie crust, while mother's hands were not always antiseptically clean when she made the dough and kneaded the bread.

Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, recently pointed out the dangers of the old oaken bucket in a radio address.

Did anybody ever wash or sterilize the well bucket? Never. No one even thought of such a thing. So generation after generation of germs lived on in the millions of small cracks of the wood, and took toll of millions of drinkers who never dreamed of the water from the cold, clear well in the farmyard could be polluted.

Even after scientific men, following the germ discoveries of the great Pasteur, had traced the then great scourge of typhoid fever definitely to polluted water, millions of Americans continued to drink and to drink water from the wells from which their fathers had drunk—and which usually had killed a third or more of the children born into those forefathers' families.

The old swimming hole was another germ-filled spot of those days, because swifly running water exposed to sunlight soon purifies itself, but this is not true of the deep, sluggish, shaded pools which used to make the old swimming holes of a generation or two ago. The modern bath tub may be less romantic and less alluring on hot Summer's day, but it has many fewer germs in it and is far safer to bathe in.

Two separate kinds of germs lurked in the old swimming holes. The most dangerous were those of typhoid fever and of similar diseases which attack the lining of the intestines. These are

water-born germs, which used to get into streams and underground water channels from some accidental case of typhoid fever in a house on the water shed and which then spread with amazing rapidity through the entire water system.

Fifty years ago an epidemic of typhoid fever every few years was regarded as the natural and necessary thing in any community as sure as politics or taxes. Only a few fanatics dreamed of the clear, cold, sparkling water from wells or the equally attractive water, a few mouthfuls of which the youthful members of a community swallowed at the old swimming hole, might be the culprits, but they were.

The other kind of swimming-hole germs still prove troublesome, once in a while, in the modern concrete swimming pools into which purified water is pumped artificially. They make trouble sometimes even on sea beaches. These are the germs that lurk in the noses or throats of human beings and cause such diseases as sore throats and colds. Sanitary experts studying the germ populations of modern swimming pools find millions of these germs in every teaspoonful of water, unless care is taken to change the water frequently or to sterilize it by the use of chlorine or ultraviolet light or in some other way.

Every swimmer in a pool or on a sea beach is likely to cough or sneeze some of these ever-present germs into the water. Other swimmers then inhale or swallow these germs. Thus epidemics of sore throat or colds are spread. Nowadays efforts are made not to let swimming pools get too crowded and especially to keep out of the water persons suffering from obvious colds or throat trouble and who would be the most active germ spreaders. These efforts, plus the continual sterilization of the water, keep modern, well-managed swimming pools and bathing beaches reasonably healthy.

But there was nobody to do that for the old-fashioned swimming hole and these pools usually were selected in spots where the stream was sluggish, so that the water was not changed often. The germs stayed and multi-

"The Old Swimmin' Hole" of Which the Poet Riley Wrote So Emotionally—and Which Science Now Finds Spread Many Number of Diseases Among Its Users.



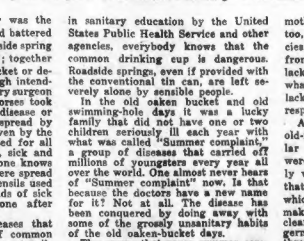
Mother's Hands Were Not Always Antiseptically Clean When She Kneaded the Dough, and the Rolling Pin Indiscreetly Implanted in the Pie Crust Any Germs It Might Have Picked Up.

plied. Nobody knows how many million cases of severe colds, grippe, sore throat, quincy and other old-fashioned diseases were scattered by the germs in the old swimming hole.

Next to the old oaken bucket as a germ spreader was the wooden mug or old, rusty and battered tin can that stood by the roadside spring for travelers to drink out of; together with the equally battered bucket or deerskin water trough, or even by the roadside for the horses. No veterinary surgeon ever computed how many horses took sick and died of one germ disease or another because of germs spread by roadside water troughs, or even by the similar troughs and pails used for all the animals around a farm, sick and well animals alike. And no one knows how many human diseases were spread similarly by the drinking utensils used in the same way by thousands of sick and well human beings, one after another.

Unfortunately, these diseases that were spread by the use of common drinking cups, cans or similar utensils included some still more distressing than colds or even typhoid fever, for some of the most dangerous skin and blood diseases may be spread in this way. Nowadays, thanks to the efforts

The Modern Cleanly Swimming Pool, Substitute for "The Old Swimmin' Hole," Whose Tiles and Cement and Frequent Changes of Water Minimize the Danger From Germs.



in sanitary education by the United States Public Health Service and other agencies, everybody knows that the common drinking cup is dangerous. Roadside springs, even if provided with the conventional tin can, are left severely alone by sensible people.

In the old oaken bucket and old swimming-hole days it was a lucky family that did not have one or two children seriously ill each year with what was called "summer complaint," a group of diseases that carried off millions of youngsters every year all over the world. One almost never hears of "summer complaint" now, is that because the doctors have a new name for it? Not at all. The disease has been conquered by doing away with some of the grossly unsanitary habits of the old oaken-bucket days.

The germs that cause summer complaint are mostly tiny, invisible animals, each no more than a single drop of living jelly. They live in water, mud, soil, decaying or over-ripe vegetables and many similar places. One of the



A Typical "Old Oaken Bucket That Hung in the Well" and Was So Often Germ-Covered as Well as Poetically "Moss-Covered." (From an Old Photograph.)

Magnification of Cracks in the Sides of an "Old Oaken Bucket," Which Provided Ideal Lurking Places for Disease Germs.

great ways that they were spread from one human being to another was by using common drinking cups and similar articles. Another was by eating food that had been handled by many other people. A third was by eating dirt or getting this on one's hands and then accidentally into one's mouth.

Even the pies that mother used to make in the kitchen, marvelous as they may seem in memory to former youngsters whose appetites were as much stimulated, perhaps, by hunger as by mother's cookery, modern sanitary science regards more or less doubtfully. For one thing, little or nothing was known in those days about the necessity of eating fresh vegetables and other fresh foods, now known to be needed in order to supply the vitamins.

A diet of meat, bread and potatoes was not uncommon all Winter long, perhaps with an occasional luxury in the form of sweet pie or pudding. Several of the vitamins were gravely lacking in such diets. The pies that mother used to make and the biscuits, too, would not supply these deficiencies. Many people actually suffered from scurvy and other diseases due to lack of vitamins without suspecting what was wrong with them or that the lack of fresh foods in their diet was responsible.

Another trouble with many of the old-fashioned pies, puddings and similar heavy foods was that they, too, were likely to be germ filled, especially with some of the kinds of germs that produce actual poisons in food in which they grow. The hands of the makers were not always antiseptically clean, and the rolling pin picked up germs here and there and spread them through the crust and dough.

No doubt many unfortunate human beings who were buried a generation or two ago under burial certificates marked "stomach poisoning" or "cholera morbus" really were victims

of some of these food germs which mother or some other cook who never had heard of food germs got into the pie or the meat loaf or some other home-made—and delicious—article of food. Nowadays, careful sanitary precautions in food factories and in well informed homes prevent the possibility of unsuspected food spoilage.

Even the barefoot boy that poets still sing about was exposed, in large parts of the United States at least, to germ dangers merely because he went barefoot instead of shoe. The germs of the hook worm, a small animal that penetrates the human body and still causes an enormous amount of illness in the Southern States, lives in the soil and often gets into its human victims by penetrating the skin of bare feet.

The old-fashioned cellar, with its damp and musty smell, was another ideal lurking place for germs, dangerous and otherwise. The lack of ice was made up by using the cold spring water, also was just the damp and not too cold place that germs love. Even the ice itself, cut in Winter on the surface of some convenient pond into which probably ran a good share of the neighborhood sewage, was admirably designed to preserve the germs, frozen but alive, and to bring them safely to the insides of the human victims who used water cooled by such polluted ice.

All in all, how was it that anybody lived through those germey days of the old oaken bucket and the pies that mother used to put germs in? One would think that the entire American race might have been exterminated. It is actual truth, of course, that millions were exterminated. Government statistics show that many more children now live to grow up than were the case fifty or sixty years ago. And other large fraction of the public was saved from death in the old germ-ridden days by the fact that both people and germs were scarcer then than now. The population was less crowded. Fewer germs were scattered on the average, in water and air.

So some people lived on despite the germs, just as some human beings always live through almost any kind of dangerous condition or event. Nowadays, with better and better knowledge of germ dangers and of how to fight them, the old days are gone forever. There may be less romance in a bathtub and a paper drinking cup than in the old swimming hole or the iron-bound bucket hanging in the well, but there is more health and happiness.



SAVE WITH SIX CYLINDERS

**With more than six you
sacrifice economy—**

**With less than six you
sacrifice smoothness**



IN THE excitement of buying that new low-priced car—of admiring its shiny new appearance and trying out its brand new performance... don't overlook those *basic things* that mean so much to your future satisfaction. For instance, *how about its economy?* How much will that car be costing you for gas, oil, upkeep and repairs—especially after five or ten thousand miles?

There's only one way to make sure. Lift the hood. *Count cylinders.* And if you count **SIX**, no more—no less, you've counted the right number for *maximum all-round economy*... not only today, but a year from now. You'll really save with a six-cylinder Chevrolet.

If you count *more* than six—you might as well make up your mind to this: *You're not going to get the kind of gas, oil and upkeep*

economy that is saving so many thousands of dollars for Chevrolet owners every day.

If you count *less* than six—you won't be any better off from a dollars-and-cents standpoint. *Six* is the smallest number of cylinders you can have, and still get Chevrolet's *built-in* smoothness. And it's *built-in* smoothness that saves you money in so many ways! It preserves the *youth* of the car—its *stamina*—and *low maintenance cost*. It guards against the insidious workings of excessive vibration. It holds repair bills down to rock-bottom.

But if the car is a *Chevrolet Six*—you'll **SAVE!** You'll enjoy the lowest all-round operating and maintenance cost available in today's automobile market. You'll save money on gas and oil. You'll save on upkeep. And because of the simplicity of Chevrolet engine-design, and

the ease with which adjustments can be made, you'll save on repair-costs, too!

ESPECIALLY AFTER 5,000 MILES

What's even more important—you'll keep on saving, month after month, season after season. There's nothing *temporary* about Chevrolet economy. It lasts! Especially after 5,000—10,000—15,000 miles, when the cost of operating other low-priced cars goes up, Chevrolet's cost stays down. And the best way to prove that is to compare a six-months-old Chevrolet with any other 1932 low-priced car of equal mileage. *More economical* to start with, Chevrolet is *more economical still*, after long usage!

Best of all: you can save with six cylinders, and not sacrifice one single thing that makes a

car a pride to own and a pleasure to drive! You enjoy the delightful handling-ease of Free Wheeling in combination with Synchro-Mesh gear-shifting. The comfort of a big, substantial car with adequate weight; roomy, luxurious Fisher bodies; and four long parallel-mounted springs. The satisfaction of driving one of the smartest-looking cars on the road. And considering the fact that you can enjoy all these things, for such a low purchase price and such small monthly payments—do you honestly think it's wise—or economical—to keep that old car any longer?

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
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SIX CYLINDERS
NO MORE . . . NO LESS"



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\$445 AND UP,
F. O. B.
FLINT
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Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices. Easy O. M. A. C. terms.

Mlle. Rahna's Newest Exploit

Amusing Tricks and Devices Paris Stage Stars Resort to For Publicity and to Insure Holding the Attention of Their Public



Rahna Gains Publicity by Winning a Prize With a Specially Built Automobile Containing a Bed, Bar, an Electric Refrigerator Connected Up With Her Motor, and Upholstered in Hundreds of Lizard Skins.

PARIS, July 28. Mlle. Marcelle RAHNA's shapely legs deliver exactly thirty kicks to the minute, never more and never less, in her latest dance, and, like everything else Rahna does, she received a lot of publicity from those two-second kicks.

Men came with stop-watches to see if she was accurate, and finding that she was, vainly search the theatre with their eyes for some hidden clock by which she surely must be timing herself.

The dancer says that there is no clock. The timing is in her own mind and legs, and to prove how valuable they were (the legs, not the mind), she insured them for \$125,000, and that, also, was published from Norway to Turkey. Mlle. Rahna is one of the most attractive-looking and skillful dancers in Europe, but she softly admits that for all of that, were it not for her ingenuity in continually getting into the public eye she might still be dancing at \$10 a month in the Opera Comique.

Yet, whenever anyone compliments the dancer on her genius for free advertising, she never fails to mention sadly that the biggest, most dangerous and sensational "stunt" she ever achieved, did her no good at all. Most stage people, when they attempt suicide, are not too serious about it. After swallowing the poison, they call the doctor in plenty of time; if they slash their wrists they faint with such a heavy thud that someone opens the door to see what dropped, and if they shoot themselves they usually miss the first time, and while taking more careful aim for the second shot, someone runs in and disarms them.

When the lovely Marcelle was a girl of fifteen, daughter of De Haynin, at that time a wealthy French coal baron, she had no thought of the stage but only of marrying M. Marcel L'Herbier, an ambitious youth, who has since become a prominent film producer of Paris. Three months before the wedding day, Papa's great fortune was in almost entirely swallowed up in a series of bank failures. On top of this had news the girl's fiancé politely handed in his resignation as her future husband. Believing that it was cupid, not Cupid, that had made her attractive, Marcelle decided to end it. Being really serious, she stuck the muzzle of a pistol into her mouth to be sure not to mis.

But the trigger pulled rather hard for her delicate fingers so that in yanking at it, she pulled the gun enough to one side to send the bullet through her left cheek instead of the top of her head. If she would only do that again now, the publicity all over Europe would no doubt win her a new contract at a higher salary than she could make. But she does not feel like suicide now, and the doctors warned her that it was the greatest piece of luck that the shot caught only the left cheek, leaving a scarcely noticeable scar instead of blowing the whole side of her face.

There was much excitement at the time, a crowd almost mobbed the little lover, and the papers were full of the most romantic sort of publicity, but it was all wasted because she had no public yet. Perhaps this was what determined her to go and get a public. When the youthful near-suicide came out of the hospital she sold her engagement ring and studied to be a dancer. So rapid was her progress that at seventeen she made her debut at the Opera Comique and four years later she had sold her first dance to premiere danseuse.

This was a grand, artistic triumph, but finally it melted just \$10 a month, which is all that government-supported theatre feels it can fritter away on star dancers. She went to Covent Garden, London, at \$150 a month, enough to live on but not to satisfy the needs of a millionaire's daughter. If she had only saved that shot through the cheek for that mo-



Three Stage Stars Organized a Balloon Race and the Resulting Ill Feeling Gave the Paris Public Quite a Lot of Real Amusement.

ment. Just as she was wondering how to get into the news without hurting herself, the great calamity of the war came and filled the papers to the exclusion of most everything else, and from 1914 to 1918 she nursed wounded soldiers, danced some and thought much.

After the war she stained her skin and, at the Theatre Michel in Paris, appeared in a series of Hindu dances, as a Nautch girl, supposed to have escaped from an Indian temple. When reporters came to interview Rahna she pretended not to know a word of French, and therefore her manager had to do all the talking. The interviewers were completely fooled by the manager's impudent and unflattering remarks, not for publication, which he uttered in the lady's presence, and which they were sure he would never dare say before a woman who could understand.

The public was delightfully taken in, flocked to see her, and when the engagement was over and she revealed the hoax never forgot her. The next hoax was so silly that it was much fun for that reason. She announced that she would christen her new yacht at Deauville on a certain day. Every-

one turned out to see the yacht, and hoping that the generous friend who had given it to her would be on its deck.

What was their disappointment, after a long wait, to see Rahna, dressed in a bathing suit, with an automobile tire around her neck, a pint of champagne in one hand and a stone in the other,



If It Was Becoming Fashionable in America to Have Private Bars With a Brass Rail, Mlle. Rahna Must Have One. So She Installed a Bar in Her Home and Rested Her Foot on the Brass Rail at the Top of the Bar.

run down the beach and into the sea. As soon as she was afloat, Rahna broke the bottle over the fire, christened it the "Ku Ku II," and paddled away.

Though Rahna has never appeared in the United States, she reads and knows about it, and is much impressed with the trick of Amer-

ican novelists who increase their sales in other parts of the country by getting their books banned in Boston.

In Paris most anything goes, especially nudity on the stage. However, through influential friends, she managed to have the police arrest her, charged with conducting an indecently nude dance at the Palace Theatre with Harry Pilier. Paris was as astonished as if she had been arrested for eating garlic. What could that dance be that the police considered it awful enough to arrest her?

The theatre advertised that the dance would go on pending the result of the trial, and Paris stormed to doors until the much-postponed case finally came to trial.

English and Americans sometimes cannot decide whether the French have the greatest sense of humor in the world, or none at all, when they do ridiculous things. What followed could have happened only in Paris. Commissaire Legrand solemnly ordered the prisoner to perform her dance, which she did in the court. M. M. Baquet, the presiding judge, then asked her to repeat it several times while he poured down thoughtfully at those \$125,000 twinkling legs.

After the four of these judicial exhibitions, he handed down a decision that the exhibition was artistic and decent. On top of this he invited the exonerated culprit to have a glass of port with him in his private chambers. Next day every newspaper reader in Europe was speculating on what Rahna

and the learned judge talked about over that bottle.

By the time Paris had tired of looking at Rahna almost unclothed, she surprised everyone by appearing so smothered in a costume of feathers that she could hardly be seen at all. In 1929 Rahna dove into the public eye again by winning the "Prix d'Elegance" with her \$10,000 automobile, which contained a bed, a cocktail bar, an electric refrigerator and a rack of rifles and shot guns. Learning that since Prohibition it is the style for smart Americans to have a private bar in their houses, she decided to have a "Bar Americain."

The one she installed at her residence, 161 Boulevard Hausmann, had the conventional brass rail at the bottom and also one at the top. It is on this upper one that the high-kicking dancer rests her dainty foot when she slips a cocktail.

A stage personage of such fame and beauty naturally has many wealthy and important boy-friends, including the recently abdicated King of Spain. Alfonso was hardly a discreet visitor because while he was inside her home, his squad of private body guards were patrolling the sidewalk and grounds, peering into the windows and listening at the doors to make sure nobody was hurting the King.

Rahna's butler was sick the first day His Majesty called and her maid was so terrified at her first sight of royalty that in opening the champagne she tried to stop the wine from running on the floor by clapping her palm over the bottle with the result that she squirting it in the royal Bourbon eye. At his command Rahna, called him not "Your Majesty" but "Fonse" and "Toto."

If anyone else starts anything, Rahna is quite likely to take a ride on the publicity. The French Minister of Aeronautics, M. Valery-Masson, wishing to make the French nation more air-minded, announced that he would send up a couple of balloons from St.

Cloud and invited any ladies who would to chase them in their cars. He gave the ladies road maps, told them what direction the wind would probably take the balloons and passed on their wind shields a token which would give them right of way over all traffic and immunity from speed laws.

Up went the balloons and off went the ladies. Rahna, in her car, crumpled a couple of fenders from that belonging to Mlle. Diana, of the "Folies Bergere," a stage star who up to that time had been one of Marcelle's best friends.

Like a devastating torrent the women went charging through the countryside, decimating the chicken, cow and dog population. Only by a miracle did the human beings escape the peril.

Finally the gas bags settled down in a large plowed field outside the village of Etampes. Out from their cars leaped the ladies leading the pursuit. Mlle. Paiva was the first to bag the balloon of Pilot Cormier, and Diana got to that of Pilot Delfosse ahead of Rahna, who therefore did not score at all in the prizes, but how she scored in the publicity! When the reporters arrived and asked why she had failed, she said, sweetly:

"I was running ahead of everyone when poor, dear Diana fell down, and I did it happen to see her. She wore a brown skirt and the balloons are brown. There was a big brown globe to my right and another big brown globe to my left. I guessed wrong and tagged Diana instead of the 'balloon.'"

As Diana is not exactly thin, that little quip started a deadly feud. And now, latest of all, Rahna wins publicity from a useful and praiseworthy performance. Recently she has been



Rahna in Her Mystery Role as an Oriental Dancer.

running up and down the steep streets of Montmartre, wheeling franc from American and other tourists for the benefit of the 1,800 unemployed in that district.

So successful has she been, surpassing all others, that the Garde Mobile of Montmartre has rewarded her by making the dancer their lieutenant-colonel, and the French Government has promised her the coveted decoration of the "Femmes Academiques."

Rahna has written a book of her memoirs, and every six months or so adds another chapter to bring it up to date. She has no lack of publishers eager for the chance of printing her book, and quite a few men, not in the publishing business, would be glad to pay her as much as she hoped to get from her royalties for the privilege of editing or deleting entirely the chapter in which each appears as hero.

It has been said that if the authors allows all these heroes to edit their own episodes, the book won't amount to much, but she will be a rich woman. However, she says she will do nothing of the kind, but will wait until the most important of her boy-friends, such as ex-King Alfonso, are dead. The more obscure gentlemen she has honored with her friendships will probably be flattered to find themselves mentioned within the same covers with kings and Prime Ministers.

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1929

AS YOU DESIRE ME



to make skin soft-supple yet firm and yielding

this much **OLIVE OIL** goes into every cake of Palmolive →



THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Reproduced from an actual photograph, this test tube shows you the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive.

RIGHT now—touch your own skin with your finger tips. Is it soft, smooth, supple? Is it firm yet yielding to your touch? Is it quite as you desire it? Then think! How can you seem desirable to others?

Charm can be yours!

Skin can be kept young indefinitely. And you—no matter what you think—may have a youthful, firm skin. But you must follow expert advice. Read the simple rule experts give you.

Olive oil—the great beautifier

But how to use it? More than 20,000 beauty experts

answer—in soap—in Palmolive—the one great soap the beauty ingredient of which is largely olive oil. Use it—they say—diligently, faithfully. Use it on face and neck—on the whole body. Rub the rich youth giving lather right into the skin.

Then see the result!

Your reward will be the skin of youth. Because Palmolive does soothe, smooth and soften skin. It does tone skin to youthful firmness. It will give your skin that charm—that something that makes you—keeps you desirable.



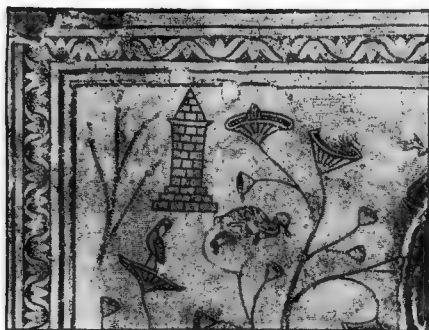
Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



The Mountain Where Christ and the Disciples Went Up for Solitude and Seclusion; Where the Sermon on the Mount Was Spoken "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain. And he opened his mouth and taught them."—St. Matthew, Ch. vi., vs. 1

Where Christ Fe

The Very Spot Where the Saviour Performed the Great Miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes; Indeed, the Very Stone on Which Christ Stood Has Now Been Found



A Corner of the Mosaic Floor of the Ancient Church, Showing a Duck, a Long-legged Bird Cleaning Its Shining Feathers, and in the Corner a Watch Tower.

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THE FAME of the Saviour had spread widely, and wherever He went He was followed by a multitude of people. And so one day when He desired to have a quiet meeting with His disciples He found "there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat," St. Mark reports.

So the Saviour said unto them: "Come ye yourselves into a desert place, and rest a while." And they slipped away across the Lake of Genesaret in a boat and went up into a mountain, to be away from the crowd. But the people observed the Saviour's departure and running along the shore assembled near the mountain.

"And seeing the multitude," St. Matthew reports, "he opened his mouth and taught them." And then it was that the Saviour delivered the

Sermon on the Mount in words which will live as long as mankind survives.

And as it grew late in the day and the hungry multitude still remained, the Saviour performed the kindly miracle of dividing the five loaves and the two fishes until all of the hungry 5,000 had been fed and more than twelve basketfuls of remnants of food had been gathered up.

But did the Saviour perform this miracle? And if the Scriptural narrative is correct, where was the mountain Christ and His disciples ascended for seclusion and rest? And is there anything that remains today to mark the spot, or any stone or relic which was actually associated with the Saviour's feeding the multitude that day nearly 2,000 years ago? Has, indeed, the very site of the Sermon on the Mount at last been found?

The answer to these questions reveals one of the

most surprising and fascinating discoveries ever made in the Holy Land. The archeologists of the German Catholic Committee of Palestine have uncovered the remains of an ancient Christian church built on the spot where the Saviour performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Indeed, the very stone has been found on which Christ stood as He blessed the bread and fish and served the miraculous portions to the hungry crowd. The basilica, in this form of church, was called, stands at the foot of the hill where the Saviour delivered the Sermon on the Mount.

In those days there were no public records kept in the small villages of Palestine, but traditions were handed down from father to son, or grandson. The natives who lived along the shores of Genesaret were Jewish fishermen or farmers, and those who saw the Saviour that day and listened to His words and partook of the loaves and fishes, never forgot that memorable occasion.

A young native fisherman of, say, 20 years, might have lived to the age of 75, and told his grandson the story of the Saviour's visit and pointed to the spot and to the stone on which the Saviour stood. As the Saviour was perhaps 30 years old at the time of the miracle, this narrative of the local fisherman would have been told

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes

ST. MARK, CHAPTER VI.

35. And when the day was now far spent, his disciples came unto him, and said, This is a desert place, and now the time is far passed:

36. Send them (the multitude) away, that they may go into the country round about, and into the villages, and buy themselves bread: for they have nothing to eat.

37. He answered and said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they say unto him, Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread, and give them to eat?

38. He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39. And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

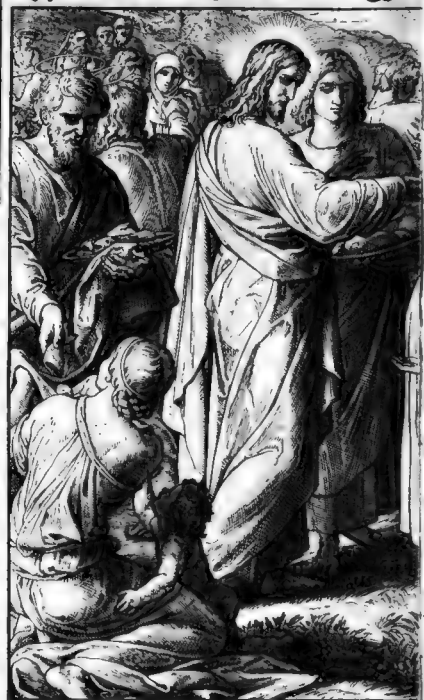
40. And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41. And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them: and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42. And they did all eat, and were filled.

43. And they took up twelve basketfuls of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44. And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.



"And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up set before them; and the two fishes divide."



The Mosaic Behind the Altar Showing a Basket of Bread and Two Fishes, and Recalling St. Mark, Ch. vi., vs. 38: "He saith unto them, how many loaves have ye?" "And when they knew, they say, Five and two fishes."

to his grandson in about the year 90 B. C. And this grandson might well have repeated the story and identified the spot to his grandson fifty or sixty years later, and this grandson, living at the same spot, may have recounted the story to his grandson who in turn recounted it to his grandchild.

Thus, 300 years after the birth of Christ, there would have been living perhaps many who were only four steps—four human lives—removed from an ancestor who saw the Saviour that memorable day and had pointed out the very stone upon which He stood as He distributed the loaves and fishes.

And it was about 300 years after the birth of Christ that the Roman Emperor Constantine became a Christian and sent out pilgrims all through Palestine to identify and mark the exact spots where the Saviour had been and had performed His miracles. Thus these early Christian pilgrims came upon the living descendants of the fishermen or farmers along the shores of Lake Genesaret and were able to learn from them what they themselves had been told by their ancestors who had originally received their information from living witnesses of the great miracle. And so the scene of Christ's teaching in the desert and His feeding the multitude was authentically marked at that time and a church was established on the exact spot.

But how does the modern archeologist know that this church, built about 300 years after the birth of Christ, was really erected on a spot



Portion of the Mosaic Floor, Showing a Blooming Vine John, Ch. xv., vs. 5: "I am the vine ye are the branches. Remember, oh, Lord, the Saviour."

which at that time pilgrims had reason to believe was the scene of the miracle of the loaves and fishes? And here science has a bit of recorded history of the very utmost value which confirms everything the research of the explorer has recently revealed.

Among the pilgrims who visited the Hol



Photograph of a Portion of the Floor, Revealing a Snake Fighting With a Big Snake, While Two Birds Are Nestled in a Flower.

ed the Multitude



to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to
be among them all."—St. Mark, Ch. vi, vs. 41.

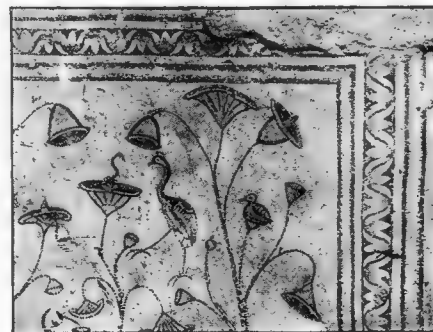


Looking Down From the Mountain Toward Lake Gennesaret (the Sea of Galilee), and Showing in the Foreground the Newly Discovered Basilica, or
Ancient Church, Which is Now Surrounded by Protecting Stone Walls Put Up by the Explorers.

Remarkable Discovery of the Mosaic Floors and Stone Altar of an Ancient Christian Church, Which Marks the Scene of the Miracle and the Sermon on the Mount

From the Sermon on the Mount
ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTER V.

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
4. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.
5. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
7. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
8. Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
9. Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.
10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
11. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.
13. Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.
14. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.
15. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
16. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.



Another Corner of the Mosaic Floor, Showing in Bright Colors a Flamingo
Standing on One Foot, While a Young Duck is Swaying
To and Fro in a Flower.

How thrilled the nun Etheria Silvia must have been when she gazed upon this sacred relic!

The inhabitants of the country who were living there when she visited the place—the people she talked to—had heard the facts of the miracle from their recent ancestors. It was almost as if they had seen it and she had seen it. In those primitive days the story of such a remarkable event was learned by heart, passed from father to son and treasured by every Christian in the neighborhood. They knew as well as if they had seen with their own eyes how the Saviour had commanded his 5,000 followers to sit down upon a grassy plain in ranks by hundreds and by fifties, as St. Mark states. All the Gospels give a full account of this outstanding miracle, and their narratives agree closely.

The Saviour took the five loaves and the two fishes and, holding them, stood upon this stone.

He looked up to Heaven and blessed and broke the loaves and gave them to His Disciples to set before the multitude. He also divided the two fishes among them all, and they were miraculously satisfied. This was the firm belief of the near relatives of those who had actually eaten of the loaves and fishes.

At the time Etheria Silvia visited the church pilgrims were in the habit of chipping off fragments of the sacred stone for use as amulets to ward off sickness. It is well known that pious pilgrims of that period did not appreciate how wrong it was to injure such a sacred relic, and that even the true Cross was not protected entirely from them.

The floor of the church by the Lake of Gennesaret, or Sea of Galilee, is about 100 feet long by 60 feet wide. From these measurements it has been estimated that the walls would have been about 40 feet high. At the northern end is a raised shrine about 100 feet square. In this are preserved, still in good condition, the stone vessels used for incense and holy water. The whole church is about fifteen feet above sea level.

Next to the sacred stone the most interesting parts of the church recovered are the finely preserved mosaic floors. These prove the high ability of the Emperor Constantine's builders

in this branch of art. The mosaic of birds designed in the floor along the whole western half of the church is especially fine. The original colors in which they are designed—bright red, dark red, yellow and black—can still be plainly seen. This is very remarkable, because the design has been buried under four feet of earth, stones and rubbish for countless years. There is evidence to indicate that the church was destroyed as long ago as 600 A. D.

Attractive designs of birds and plants, the latter including the beautiful lotus flower, can be seen in the mosaic floor. Herons, wild ducks, storks and other water birds are shown in a very realistic but artistic manner, flying, walking, standing, sitting, and behaving according to their nature. Some are feeding on water plants and

Continued on Page 17



Greek Inscription Found Beside the Altar. It Reads: "In remembrance
and for the peace of the soul of the priest Eusebius."—Probably
One of the Early Pastors of the Church.



Fallen Stones of the Altar Recently Discovered in the Ruins of the Old Church. It Was on the Largest of the
Stones the Altar Rested, and It Is This Largest Stone on Which the Saviour Stood as He Distributed the Food.



Branch Symbolizing Christ and His Followers. (St. chas.) The Greek Inscription Reads: "For the holy
This Inscription Is Not Yet Understood.

Land following the establishment of the Christian religion by the Emperor Constantine was a nun named Etheria Silvia. She was of high birth, and is believed to have been a sister of the Emperor Theodosius's minister, Rufinus. She received every assistance from the Roman officials in visiting the important sites in the Holy Land, and

was accompanied by a guard of Roman soldiers wherever necessary. Etheria Silvia wrote an account of her pilgrimages, describing the most sacred spots in the Holy Land, the churches built, the relics connected with the Saviour's life, and so on.

According to a statement from the headquarters of the archeologists, who have discovered the floor of the ancient church by the Lake of Gennesaret, the nun Etheria Silvia's book on her pilgrimages to Palestine contains a description of this building, showing that it was standing in 380 A. D., when she was there. She relates that the church stood on the highway between Tiberias and Capernaum, and that there was a stone three feet in width beneath the altar—the exact spot on which the Saviour stood while distributing the loaves and fishes. The position of the stone now found is exactly as described by Etheria Silvia—the very stone on which the Saviour stood that day.

The stone is in the eastern apse of the church. As the excavators, with reverent hands, cleared away the debris surrounding the sacred relic they made a discovery of entrancing interest. At the rear of the stone they saw a mosaic panel bearing a design of a basket of black bread and fishes in exquisite little red and black stones. It was indeed a picture of the loaves and fishes handled and distributed by the Saviour. This proved to the searchers, in combination with much other evidence, that this was undoubtedly the spot where the Saviour had performed this miracle.

Very Surprising Outbreak of "Spooks" in English Village

**Lincoln's
"Imp" Becomes Disconcertingly Active,
"Peggy With the Lantern" Dangles
Her Head in Front of Travelers, a
Phantom Monk
Hunts for
Treasure,
Highway-
man Dick
Turpin's
"Black
Bess"
Drums Her
Ghostly
Hoofs on the Old
Roman Road—And All
Cammeringham Is Quite
Properly Terrified**

LONDON, July 29. CAMMERINGHAM, a secluded village in Lincolnshire, England, is in a state of panic because of an invasion of spooks. Such is the atmosphere of apprehension and dread that staid men and women and romantic young couples are afraid to venture out after dark. Even the village constable, usually so stolid and unimaginative, pursues his best with cautious footstep.

It is not just one phantom, but several, which have set the village by its ears, and what is more, the history of the village of Cammeringham, not many miles away, is "acting up," and stripping people of hats and coats, and sending the scanty skirts of the women as high as their length permits. All the "spooks" are of ancient and honorable lineage, and if they came visiting singly would not be minded so much. The trouble is that they seem to have combined forces.

There is a phantom monk who keeps looking for treasure in and about the ancient graveyard. Then there is a remarkable spook known locally as "Peggy With the Lantern," who carries her head, highly illuminated, which she sticks in the faces of the unwary travelers. Whether those who assert they have seen Peggy are also highly illuminated does not appear. Then there is a spectral mare which is supposed to have been the veritable "Black Bess" of the highwayman, Dick Turpin, which drums a tattoo with ghostly hoofs on the old Roman road going through Cammeringham, and which has other unpleasant habits.

There is also what is called the "Cammeringham light," an extremely ancient and well authenticated phenomenon, which has appeared off and on for many centuries around and about the old village. It flits hither and yon, and none knows why.

"Peggy" nearly frightened a pair of motorcyclists to death recently. They id that they had seen a light, and then something "shooting through the air" after them like a comet, looking like a tremendously long body all white and shining, and suddenly holding a severed head in front of us.

behind for some spectral reason.

"Peggy with the Lantern" is older than the monk. The legend is that she was a girl murdered by a Roman soldier in the days when the village was a garrison post along the Roman roads.

A very intelligent youngster, Willie Albones, described the "light" for the writer. He had seen it three times, he said.

"I last saw it only a week ago," he said. "I was cycling along the road in the direction of Lincoln when the light showed in front of me. It appeared to be about 300 yards away and on the main road, although a slight bend gave it the appearance of being in a field behind the Manor House.

The light was of a dull yellowish color and very much like a cycle lamp. But as I rode on, the "light" disappeared, and I expected to pass a cycle or a motorcycle, but there was no sign of any traffic. In fact, the road was absolutely deserted and I do not remember having seen a living soul.

"On a previous occasion I was walking with some companions past St. Michael's Church when I caught a glimpse of the same light which seemed to be moving to and fro.

"After a few moments the 'light' vanished. When I described my experience to my father he told me that mother and himself had seen the 'light' frequently, but had grown so accustomed to it that he took no further notice and used to pass it off as a will of the wisp in order, he said, not to frighten me. Several of my choir boys are certain that they have seen a man holding a hand lantern near the church, but when they drew near to examine it the figure always disappeared.

Since I last saw the 'light' I have not ridden my cycle at night and, though I am not nervous, I prefer to remain indoors.

The Manor House, Cammeringham, Where the Old Phantom Monk Has Recently Taken Up His Treasure Hunt Once More.



Mr. John Brown and Madge, One of His Daughters, Who Live in the Manor House. Mr. Brown Gives an Interesting Account of Some of the Strange Occurrences That Have Been Terrifying the Villagers.

light at the top of the hill. I watched it very closely, being under the impression that it was a cycle or a man carrying a lamp coming into the village by way of the road, until I realized that the light was not on the road but to the north of it. I kept watch and as the light neared Ingham Church it disappeared.

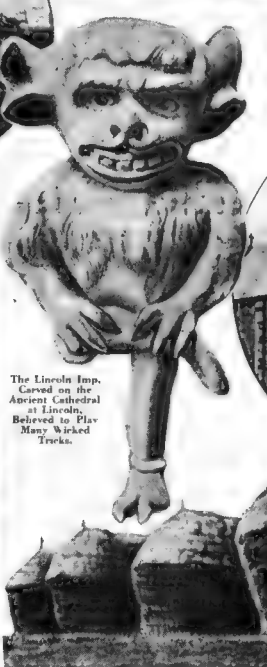
"More recently I had a similarly strange experience. I was driving along the Kirton-Lindsey road, not far from Cammeringham, when I saw a man riding a horse with a lantern in his hand. He was about 500 yards ahead of me. As I reached the spot where I had seen the figure there was no sign of the man or the horse, but a little later I noticed a yellowish light in front of Stow Church. I got out of the lorry to investigate, but the light had gone and there was not a trace of a human being.

"Mr. John Brown, one of the best known residents in the district, who resides in the Manor House facing St. Michael's Church, asserts that there is genuine concern amongst the inhabitants of Cammeringham owing to the 'supernatural' visitations which are taking place in the district, and that no one considers them a joke.

Another vivid account of the mysterious 'light' was forthcoming from a lorry driver named Tom Waller. "One night not long ago," he remarked, "I was driving towards Ingham, the nearest parish to Cammeringham. It was very warm, quiet dark and not a breath of wind stirring the leaves in the trees when I noticed a



The Couple on the Motorcycle Later Described What They Had Seen as "Shooting Through the Air After Them Like a Meteor, Looking Like a Tremendously Long Body All White and Shining, and Suddenly Holding Its Severed Head in Front of Us." And the Villagers, After the Local Doctor Had Declared the Pair Perfectly Sober, Opined That They Had Actually Seen "Peggy With the Lantern."



The Lincoln Imp, Carved on the Ancient Cathedral at Lincoln, Believed to Play Many Wicked Tricks.

A Row of Mr. Brown's Hayricks Along the Road, Which Is a Favorite Haunt of the Terrifying "Peggy."

"There is no doubt whatever," Mr. Brown said, "that the people are living in a state of tension and are really and truly nervous about the 'Cammeringham Light,' which they quite naturally look upon as something out of the ordinary.

"This is a very old-fashioned place and full of legends dating back to the early ages, and while admitting that some folk are inclined to be superstitious, a great many are not and believe only what they have seen with their own eyes.

For twenty years I have lived here in the old monks' house and during that period I have never heard so much talk about the 'Cammeringham Light' as recently as a result of the various manifestations which have taken place. Cammeringham's history goes back to very early days, and as you can see for yourself, the old pond, where the monks used to fish, still remains.

"The Manor House in which I live is very ancient, indeed, and about a hundred yards from here below the bridge is a disused farmyard which I should say was once part of the monastery. Strangely enough, it is there that very peculiar light has been seen, and also in one or two of the plantations. But nobody can explain the significance or origin of the light. I have heard it said that the figure of a man carrying a hand lantern has been frequently seen about the neighborhood, especially where the old priory used to stand and at the rear of the Manor House, a short distance from which is the fishing pond and an old moat.

"When I tell you that some of the more venturesome amongst the inhabitants have actually stayed up all night in the old monks' house and during that period I have never heard so much talk about the 'Cammeringham Light' as recently as a result of the various manifestations which have taken place. Cammeringham's history goes back to very early days, and as you can see for yourself, the old pond, where the monks used to fish, still remains.

"One young woman assured the writer that while on her way home to the cottage in which she lives, close to the Manor House, that she had seen a slim white figure with what appeared to be a lantern.

"My companion and myself," she said, "were sure that the figure was that of a girl, because the night was clear and there were very few people on the road. As we approached the church the figure seemed to move swiftly through the air in the direction of the fields beyond the Manor House

and disappeared from view.

"Peggy with the figure has been seen several times since Christmas by other folk, and I do not think that they could possibly be mistaken, though on other occasions a man with a lantern has been observed in various parts of the neighborhood. My mother told me that she remembered when she was a girl seeing this figure in white with a lantern, and that it was usually about the Christmas season that it appeared. The story then was that the girl had been done to death by a Roman soldier, and that the responsible party either year after the spot where the murder was supposed to have taken place."

Lincoln, whose magnificent cathedral set this grinning imp amongst its angels, but the ancient stone cutters had a queer sense of humor, and in many of the sculptures of the medieval cathedrals in Europe are to be found grotesque and ghoulish, devil and hideous and monstrous forms.

One legend about the imp is that it controls the wind, and when it wants to, shoots a current of air which blows up the dresses of the ladies. This wind will blow when there is not a breath of air within the great hall.

There seems to be no doubt that the neighborhood, just under the imp is subject to violent air currents but while the superstitious attribute this to the grinning little stone devil, the more reasonably minded say it is due to some freak of construction in the form of the cathedral. Somehow, whether by accident or design, there are angles and curves which catch any air which may be going, intensify it, and send it down into the cathedral, to annoy pious worshippers and cause embarrassment to the few modest ladies who are left.

But you cannot get the old inhabitant of Cammeringham and Lincoln to believe that.

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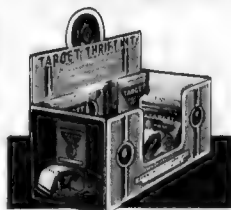
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The Callator Treasure By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 16)

faces told him nothing. Perhaps they, too, were a pretence, paid by the hour to gaze and no doubt, later on, to bear witness of what they had seen.

But witness of what? Certainly not the finding of the Callator treasure. Yet the conviction grew steadily that they had been brought there to witness something.

He slipped away from the group and, expecting momentarily to run into another policeman, made his way northwards. He passed the gates of the drive without meeting any one—then, following the hedge, began to climb the northern slope of Hangman's Hill.

He broke into the grounds on the side opposite to that by which he and Alf had originally entered. The lights did not help him here as the house threw a shadow over all that side of the hill. Presently he blundered into the kitchen garden; this gave him his bearings and he made a wide

deter, skirting the Hangman's tomb.

"Rarsus!" he muttered irrelevantly. "All chipped away, too! Queer sort of holiday the old boy must have had here! Digging his treasure in—how he must have puffed over it—making a chart of it all—and then filling in a slack afternoon by desecrating a tomb. Hu-uh!"

He was climbing up a small irregular knoll and had suddenly come upon a man standing on top of it, in a beam of light, his hand on the trigger of a shotgun. He was some fifteen feet away and Ronald dropped to the ground and lay flat.

The second passed and he raised his head.

"The fool can't see me—with that light in his eye," he told himself.

He did down the knoll and skirted around it. He knew now that he was very near the light and the digging operations. He dropped on to his knees and crawled forward until he found himself close to the trucks

parked by the side of the digging party.

"Wouldn't do any harm to have a squirt at those trucks!" he thought. "Those tom-fool lights may be useful."

His encounter with the man on top of the other knoll had made it clear that as long as he could keep in shadow the lights would render him practically invisible.

There was a path of light between the base of the knoll and the trucks which he easily dodged. He crouched between the trucks and the hedge that bordered the road. Choosing his moment, he edged his way to the tail of the first truck, then boldly flashed a torch inside.

The interior was empty. He tried the second and the third, with the same result.

"Well, of course, they're empty," he muttered. "What did you expect?"

As he turned away from his examination of the third truck he sensed a movement on the other side of it and hurried back to the knoll. For the last few yards

he made a run of it, then tripped and fell prone as his foot struck what was, beyond doubt, a living body.

"It's you!" came the hoarse whisper of the man who had driven him in the taxi. "What the—?"

"Sorry! Hope I haven't hurt you!"

"Get me!" asserted the other. "Ere—ave you seen the guv'nor?"

"Not yet. I was looking for him in those trucks."

"Then if you ain't seen him, what the deuce did he go bumping off for like that?"

"Now look here, my good fellow—"

"Alf to you, please."

"Very well, my good Alf, we will go on from look here. I was about to say—look here, good Alf, it is pretty obvious that the guv'nor is not in the habit of telling you everything."

"Nor you either. You didn't even know you were comin' ere for certain."

"Exactly! That's one of his many weaknesses. It breeds suspicion, good Alf. You mistrust me and I, if you must know, am horribly suspicious of you. So if you will excuse me I think I will say good-night."

"Ere! Half a mo'. You got to take that gun back. I've not going to carry the blasted thing about as well as me own."

"Then drop it quietly into the grass."

"You ain't 'elf a mug! Ere—catch hold!" He thrust the stock at Ronald, who took and put it in his pocket. "And if you let it off, I'll take my advice and fire it in the air, mate."

Ronald crept away and did not stop until he was on the other side of the knoll.

Here he rested for a few minutes, wondering what the next move would be. Any glimmering of a definite plan that he might have had, had long since vanished. The egregious Alf, he supposed, was only one of others amongst whom was "the guv'nor"—who might or not be Callator himself. Apparently they, like the yokels believed that Winterbourne was digging for the Callator treasure. Presumably the campaign was to let him dig it up, load it on the trucks and then after it with the aid of their revolvers. The local police were apparently regarded as a negligible factor.

He crept back towards the other knoll on the top of which

the sentry was still standing. Below the knoll the ground dipped into a hollow. And from the hollow, which at first sight was in total darkness, certain sounds were coming—a light thud, a metallic scraping and now and then a muffled voice.

Then came to him, too, the unmistakable smell of newly turned earth.

"Get me!" he thought. "And if it is—how the deuce can they work in total darkness?"

But was it total darkness? There was certainly no light—and yet, paradoxically enough, a part of the darkness seemed visible. He wriggled forward a little and got a better view. It seemed now that part of the darkness was not only visible but even luminous. Then the explanation dawned upon him.

Men were working under a tarpaulin and beneath the tarpaulin were lights.

He wriggled on until he was within a few yards of what he judged to be the nearest end of the tarpaulin. He was quite certain now there was digging going on underneath. Then the digging stopped and again he heard muffled voices.

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He waited some thirty seconds, then judging that his flash had not been seen, risked a second. It was a long flash this time and enabled him to note the position of some of the boxes. Again he waited—then shifted the boxes so that he could lie on the other side of them, in a position of relative concealment.

He waited, he supposed, a couple of minutes before another box was silently dumped in the back of the truck. Then came a long wait.

He did a little exploring with his hand and found that the upper part of the truck was covered with a tarred canvas. He loosened the canvas to make a spy-hole and looked out but could see nothing.

The wait lengthened intolerably. In half an hour he became abominably stiff. During this time he could hear steady digging but no one came to add to the total of boxes in the truck. Then the digging stopped and started again.

He did not hear anyone mount the truck to the driver's seat—possibly because his whole attention was concentrated on what was going on beneath the tarpaulin. He was therefore badly startled when there suddenly came the whirr of the starter. At the same moment the headlights of the truck were switched on.

He raised the canvas and looked out as the engine started and the truck jerked forward.

The tarpaulin was thrown back and its lights became visible, showing four men. Then someone fired a revolver from behind the truck. The fire was returned from one of the men beneath the tarpaulin. Simultaneously came another shot from someone sitting next to the driver of the truck.

Ronald raised his head and recognized the driver as "Alf." The second man was out of his line of vision.

The truck plunged and bumped over the uneven ground but the springs held.

"So the Callator push has pinched the truck—with treasure!" mused his thoughts. "And me as a make-weight!"

"Let her out—keep in the truck and you're all right!" shouted the other man, whom Ronald could not see.

He had assumed that they would make for the drive but they were going round the back of the house.

There were three turns—

other period of bumping and lurching.

"Right! That's the road ahead there. You're through. Trend on the gas."

"Curse it! No good charging 'em."

The brakes were applied suddenly. Ronald, abandoning concealment and looking over Alf's shoulder, saw two policemen barring the path.

Almost before the truck was at a standstill, Alf and his companion had leapt from the truck and doubled back, followed by the two policemen, one shouting and the other blowing a whistle.

Ronald climbed over the intervening deed-boxes to the driver's seat.

"If this really is the hoodle, there's no sense in Winterbourne getting back. Better drive to the nearest police station to make sure."

He let in the clutch, turned on to the main road, then began to build up speed.

He had turned left, not wishing to run past the house and the yokels now doubtless worked up into a state of excitement and blocking the roadway.

He had traveled, he judged, something over a mile when a motorcycle combination, containing two policemen, shot ahead of him, then stopped and barred the road.

"What have you got there?" asked the sergeant who had been driving.

"I am not quite sure, sergeant, but to the best of my belief, the Callator millions. You've doubtless read about it in the papers. I intended to drive it to the nearest police station. But now perhaps you can save me the trouble."

There came a guffaw from the constable and the sergeant answered.

"We'll save you the trouble all right and give you a lift into the bargain. Get up and drive," ordered his junior and to Ronald he added: "I shall be behind you."

"Now look here, sergeant, I don't quite like your tone," protested Ronald. "I've no objection to coming with you—"

"Oh, you're that sort are you?" said the sergeant and climbed into the truck. "Put your hands out."

Before he could make further protest Ronald was handcuffed.

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